

COUNTY GOVERNMENT.

Proceedings of the Board of Supervisors at their last regular session.

Board met in auditor's office Thursday, Sept. 8, 1898.

Members all present. Called to order at 9 a. m. Minutes of Tuesday, Sept. 6, were read and approved.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

Board met at 1 p. m. and allowed claims as follows:

Green Bay Lumber Co lumber Rhodenbaugh district for E. F. ter and Palmer. 50 00 Wm Devine shoes for prisoners. 1 50 Cook & Staley stationery. 4 00 Meyers & Tucker stationery. 4 00 W. H. Evans M. D. to medical attendance of paupers claim \$25.14 Fred Jepsen labor Jepsen district Henry Bell balance due in conveying insane to Clarinda. 49 00 Sisters of Mercy care of Otto Bronckens and Julia Flanagan H. E. Pease & Son coal for Mary Carbaugh. 12 00 W. T. Wright M. D. salary for August. 33 33 On motion official bond of H. J. Cummings, delinquent tax collector, was approved.

On motion school applications No. 803-806 was approved.

F. R. Shirreff J. P. transcript \$ 7 95 F. R. Shirreff clerk. 1 00 Carroll Blank Book Co supplies. 4 00 John Berndt house rent for Mrs. Denker. 15 00 E. Bullock house rent for Mrs. Cochran. 15 00 Jas McKim one J. P. transcript. 39 30 M. J. Keane one J. P. transcript. 11 30 R. R. Montgomery one J. P. Transcript. 38 50 Wm Rath material and repairs at court house. 23 15 G. W. Langley to cash paid laborers on road. 985 15 John Ward material and labor Rhodenbaugh district. 264 08

Ordered that a remittance of \$3.77 be made to H. F. Messenbrink of taxes of 1893 on account of double assessment.

Claim of Christ Harm for the sum of \$30.00 was rejected.

Highway petition No. 860 came up for hearing and on motion was laid over till November session and Hink, Rhodenbaugh and White a committee to view the same.

Board adjourned at 5 p. m. to meet Friday, Sept. 9, at 9 a. m.

JOHN T. CAREY, FRED JEPSEN, Auditor. Chairman.

Warrants issued by auditor between sessions:

John T. Carey salary for June. \$100 00 A. G. Stueber " " " " 50 00 A. B. Lorenzen " " " " 125 00 A. B. Lorenzen " " " " 125 00 Emil Kruger " " " " 116 67 A. G. Myers " " " " 104 00 N. J. Wheeler " " " " 50 00 C. H. Bolles M. D. " " " " 45 00 Henry Bell boarding prisoners, etc H. Huntington work for county in July. 78 00 Fred Jepsen agent to pay county officers. 5 00 John T. Carey salary for July. 100 00 A. G. Stueber " " " " 50 00 A. B. Lorenzen " " " " 125 00 A. B. Lorenzen " " " " 125 00 N. J. Wheeler " " " " 50 00 A. G. Myers " " " " 104 00 W. T. Wright M. D. " " " " 33 33 Henry Bell boarding prisoners, etc H. Huntington work for county in July. 77 42 Fred Jepsen agent to pay county officers. 5 00 J. H. Holmes work at institute, etc. 115 00 W. C. Van Ness work at institute 10 days. 90 00 H. V. Fallor work at institute 10 days. 90 00 Alice O Wilson work at institute 10 days. 90 00 B. P. Bolt work at institute. 100 00 W. C. Van Ness work at institute. 35 00 C. W. Von Coelln work at Institute. 15 00 Stanley Brown work at institute 10 days. 37 00 E. H. Houston work at institute 15 days. 15 00 Thos Luney janitor. 1 00 G. L. Caswell printing. 26 25 Wm Eggers care of paupers on farm in June. 151 60 Wm Eggers care of paupers on farm in July. 143 48 Wm Eggers care of paupers on farm in August. 131 55 Roland Weed six wolf scalps. 12 00 Soldiers' Relief Commission for June. 98 00 Soldiers' Relief Commission for July. 98 00 Soldiers' Relief Commission for August. 98 00 Henry Bell conveying J. McGinnis, P. Clausen and Margaret Ewaldt insane persons to Clarinda. 150 00

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Members all present. Called to order at 9 a. m.

Minutes of Thursday, September 8, were read and approved.

On motion claims were allowed as follows:

Henry Laumbach, labor, Jepsen district. 9 50 J. B. Romans, merchandise. 6 80 Frank Brown, labor, White district claimed \$20.00. 40 00 W. A. Butler, labor, Langley district. 10 00 E. Nemitz, material and labor, Jepsen district. 12 35 T. E. Duffy, labor, White district. 7 00 G. W. Langley, committee work. 27 20 Pharr Wieland and Gebert, merchandise for poor. 25 73 R. Shaw Van abstracts of school loans, claimed \$20.50. 15 00 Pharr Wieland and Gebert, merchandise for county. 3 55 R. E. Montgomery, Justice of the Peace, transcript. 66 09 Denison Bulletin, publishing proceedings, etc. 32 95 Denison Review, publishing proceedings, etc. 31 95 Crawford County Observer, publishing proceedings, etc. 31 75 Denison Zeitung and Democrat, publishing proceedings, etc. 33 25 Fred Jepsen, sitting with board. 17 00 W. W. Rhodenbaugh, sitting with board. 16 00 W. W. Rhodenbaugh, committee work. 3 50 Otto Hink, sitting with board. 16 55 Otto Hink, committee work. 3 40 John White, sitting with board. 18 00 John White committee work. 17 40 G. W. Langley, committee work. 3 40 C. Dugan labor White district. 5 00 Ed Monahan labor White district. 4 15 F. McConnell labor White district. 6 00 H. A. Quinn labor White district. 20 76 Charter Oak township material. 1 95 On motion official bond of F. L. Bock Soldiers' relief committee was approved.

Board adjourned at 12 noon to meet at 1 p. m.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

Board met at 1 p. m. and allowed claims as follows:

Green Bay Lumber Co lumber Rhodenbaugh district for E. F. ter and Palmer. 50 00 Wm Devine shoes for prisoners. 1 50 Cook & Staley stationery. 4 00 Meyers & Tucker stationery. 4 00 W. H. Evans M. D. to medical attendance of paupers claim \$25.14 Fred Jepsen labor Jepsen district Henry Bell balance due in conveying insane to Clarinda. 49 00 Sisters of Mercy care of Otto Bronckens and Julia Flanagan H. E. Pease & Son coal for Mary Carbaugh. 12 00 W. T. Wright M. D. salary for August. 33 33 On motion official bond of H. J. Cummings, delinquent tax collector, was approved.

On motion school applications No. 803-806 was approved.

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On motion claims were allowed as follows:

Stockholm township— Incidental. 2.0 Teachers. 7.0 School house. 3.0 Otter Creek township— Incidental. 2.3 Teachers. 6.6 School house. 1.3 Morgan township. 7.0 Incidental. 2.5 Teachers. 7.5 Soldier township. 1.0 Incidental. 1.0 Teachers. 5.8 INDEPENDENT DISTRICT. Denison— Incidental. 5.4 Teachers. 15.3 School house. 4.4 Library. 2.3 Board of Health. 2.3 Vall— Incidental. 2.8 Teachers. 12.1 School house. 7.7 West Side— Incidental. 7.0 Teachers. 20.0 School house. 5.0 Manilla— Incidental. 7.7 Teachers. 14.0 School house. 4.5 Board of Health. 2.0 Charter Oak— Incidental. 10.6 Teacher. 10.9 School house. 11.3 Board of Health. 6 Dow City— Incidental. 4.4 Teachers. 15.0 Aspinwall— Incidental. 5.0 Teachers. 12.0 School house. 2.0 Board of Health. 1.0 INCORPORATIONS. Denison— Board of Health. 1.1 Corporation. 7.0 Special. 3.0 Grading. 3.0 Vall— Board of Health. 2.2 Corporation. 10.0 West Side— Corporation. 6.0 Manilla— Board of Health. 2.0 Corporation. 10.0 Charter Oak— Corporation. 10.0 Sinking. 2.0 Dow City— Board of Health. 3.0 Corporation. 10.0 State University. 3.2 County. 4.0 School. 1.0 Bridge. 3.0 County road. 1.0 Insane. 5.0 Soldier Relief. 1.5 Dog (male). 50c (female). \$2.00 Poll. 50c

Ordered by the Board of Supervisors of Crawford county, Iowa, that the sale of lots 4 and 5, in block 5, in town of Vall, Iowa, to James Maynard for the sum of \$100, is hereby approved.

On motion the Board of Supervisors fixed the license for peddlers per year as follows:

Vehicle, drawn by 4 animals. \$7 00 " " " " 3 " " " 4 00 " " " " 2 " " " 2 00 Pack peddler. 8 00

It was moved and carried that Jepsen, Hink and Rhodenbaugh be appointed a committee on a boiler at jail.

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THE LOST ORDERLY.

It was not yet noon, but the running fight which had disturbed the solitude of the Buttes since early morning was over. The troop had scattered after them with a great deal of threatening and intentionally wild firing, but it was no part of Captain Pillogg's orders to unduly slay or even harass. His desire was merely to impress "the fear of God and Washington" upon the deluded tribe and drive them back like sheep to their fold. Besides, after the morning's amusement, the hot sun made rest welcome.

"Sound the recall," said Pillogg to his senior trumpeter, and at once threw himself from his horse, lay at full length on the grass and produced his flask and cigar case.

The bugle sang brightly over the plain, and as its clear command filled the distant hollows and rang from bluff to bluff the distant shouting and firing gradually ceased. While the captain puffed his cigar at ease, and the trumpeter stood holding the horses beside him, the roar of the first sergeant forming the troop came to their ears, and in a few minutes, with much snorting of excited horses and clatter of steel, the men came galloping back in column of fours, formed company front swiftly and halted.

"Call the roll," said Captain Pillogg, remounting, and the first sergeant, drawing a paper from his blue shirt pocket, faced the men and rattled off the names, while the officer eyed each man critically as he answered. "Here." There were some casualties. One man was badly hurt by a shot in the side; others were scratched, but one alone was missing. The captain, who had led the fight in the beginning of the affair, thought consolingly of the number of Indians bowled over, who had mostly been carried off by their comrades. The first sergeant swung his horse about and saluted.

"One man missing, sir," he reported "the second trumpeter, Thomas Cox."

"Anybody know anything about him? Anybody see him drop?"

A trooper replied that Tommy was riding hard mouthed Rip and in the pursuit appeared to have all he could do to hold the horse in. The trooper opined that Rip, being half crazy at the best of times, had gone mad with excitement and borne Tommy Cox "into the next county." The captain had just ordered the sergeant to detail a corporal and men to look up the missing when from the direction of the Indians' fight there came a mad batter of hoofs and a shout. Up charged the missing bugler, a smooth faced lad, with saber rattling wildly against his side, his bugle pounding his back and his bride hand, though touching the rein, evidently powerless to control his foaming, wild eyed horse, who dashed pellmell into the troop and jammed itself between two bruised and cursing troopers. Tommy's right arm desperately embraced a wriggling bundle of dirty shirt and red brown skin, and from this bundle came a hideous succession of howls and snarling lamentations. The troopers leaned forward on their horses' necks to look, and at once there ran from right to left a rumble of sardonic laughter.

"What is that, sir?" the captain asked and peered disjunctedly at the bundle.

"Please, sir," said Tommy, a year in the service and glorying in his first expedition, "a prisoner, sir."

"Oh, h—!" cried Pillogg, and the troopers roared. "Let the papoose go. Are you a dry nurse, sir?"

"No, sir," said Tommy, very red and anxious. "But he's such a little devil, an he's hurt, an I—I'm afraid I've killed his father, so I—I thought I'd bring him along. Oh, ah, oh!"

The wriggling Indian child had writhed about until it got Tommy's hand between its teeth and was now biting like a rat. When the next man in ranks overcame his laughter sufficiently to release the bugler, the captain was smiling.

"You killed the father, eh? How did it happen you did not keep up with the troop?"

Tommy, eager to excuse himself, and hot at the laughter of the grizzled troop, hastily explained.

"Rip got a bit the best of me," he jerked out, "an ran wild. We lost sight of the other fellows, sir, an over there the horse bolted up a cooly. There was an Injun without a pony, an this kid on his back, running ahead, an he turned an fired on me. So I fired back with my revolver, an (Tommy grinned with modest pride) I dropped the son—dropped him, sir, dead, an with stuffing. This here kid howled; I guess the bullet grazed him. An—an I got Rip in hand an dismounted an took the kid; he fought like a wildcat, an the bites—jing, can't he bite?"

"If you'd taken the rifle it would have been more sensible," Pillogg drawled. "What do you want to do with him?"

"He can't walk, sir," Tommy protested, "an I was kinder sorry for him. He's so durned cut when he wrastles an bites an—an he'd die if I let him there all night."

The captain turned away.

"When these beggars have come to their senses again," he said, "they'll send for him. You can bring him along if you'll guarantee to nurse him. Tention! Right forward, fours right, march!"

In this manner the Weasel was brought to Fort S. and introduced to the mysteries of civilization. His father and mother dead, none of his tribe claimed him, and Tommy Cox, the bugler, became, despite of the men's frequent jests, a father, tutor and friend to him. Tommy was yet young enough to retain great freshness of soul and simplicity of heart. The fact that he had shot the little savage's father and made an orphan of the Weasel weighed upon his conscience, and he was very

zealous in his care of the Indian. Nevertheless, a 7-year-old redskin is a troublesome anomaly in the garrison, where the women of laundress' row looked on him as they might upon the direct spawn of the devil, hailing their own would have shared their games. Had they had their way the boy would have been sent back to the reservation.

A powerful influence was exerted, however, in the Weasel's behalf, an influence than which none greater was felt in Fort S. Miss Toonie Adair, little 6-year-old daughter of the colonel, who had been christened Judith (a name to which she never answered), to the horror of all the laundresses took a fancy to the Weasel, and at once adopted him as her own special protégé. What Toonie said, when she said it from the colonel's knee with her arm round his neck, invariably was accepted as a post order, and the Weasel's position was assured.

"You're a dreadful wicked little savage," said Toonie, seated on the colonel's porch, with the Weasel squatting in front of her, his big, black eyes solemnly staring into the depths of her big blue ones. "Ain't you sorry God borned you a savage? Do you like blue eyes? My eyes are blue, and they're very pretty. When you know how to speak English, you must tell me I have pretty blue eyes. Everybody does—everybody I like. You've black eyes. Black eyes is savage. Did you ever scalp anybody? If you were to scalp me, my father would kill you—he would, with a pistol and sword, because he says my hair is the prettiest in the world. You've black hair. It's not pretty, it's savage. Ain't you glad I'm taking care of you, little boy? Because it's not your fault you was borned an Injun, and if you're good I'll make you a Christian, and then p'raps God will make your eyes blue and pretty like mine."

"Papa!" she cried in the first enthusiasm of her liking for the little savage. "Now I'm a real, real colonel, just like you. I'm going to have an orderly. And, please, papa, may he have a uniform?"

The laundresses and all others ill disposed toward the little Indian had now no word to say. Toonie's orderly became a feature of Fort S. Where the little girl went there went he, even to accompanying her—at the regulation distance behind, for Toonie was nothing if not disciplinarian, and kept him in his place—on her sudden dashes, pony back, into the surrounding country and about the post. For him—when the big black eyes softened, it was at Toonie's voice; when he bent to study his lesson it was at Toonie's behest; when he returned, as he did several times, after running away in search of savage freedom, it was to stand meekly and mournfully before Toonie's tearful rebuke. For Tommy Cox he had a regard, varied by sudden outbursts of passionate disobedience; to Toonie his devotion was always unbrokenly simple and dog-like in its faithfulness. Sometimes the officers joked the little maid on her orderly, but never after the year in which she was 9 and the Weasel about 10.

She had dashed away on one of her willful trips of exploration, followed at a gallop by the Weasel. It was glaring summer time, and by the river far from the post grew big red plums in succulent profusion, cool and juicy. To feast on these at leisure the girl dismounted, and the Weasel tied the ponies to a tree. He was not yet finished with this office, Toonie plunging at once in the bushes, when the boy was startled by a terrible cry. He quickly made the ponies fast and darted to the child's aid. She sat upon the ground in fearful fright, white and sobbing.

"The snake! The snake!" she cried. "A great big rattlesnake—it bit me."

She clutched her ankle and moaned. The little Indian did not hesitate; he did not lose his head. At some time in his life with his own people he must have witnessed some such scenes, for now he acted with decision and knowledge in a case where a white boy would have been helpless. He tore the low shoe and little stocking away, and there, already, was the swelling redness of the serpent's bite. He owned a knife, the gift of a brotherly trooper, and this he whipped out. No doubt his black eyes gleamed strangely with excitement, for Toonie was overcome with new terror at sight of them and of the sharp and shining blade.

In spite of her screams the grimly silent Weasel seized the leg and deliberately and firmly cut into the flesh round the wound until a portion was hacked out. To the cut he applied his lips and sucked vigorously. Toonie's shrieks and howls filled the air, but the boy uttered never a word, only stopping now and then to peer into his mistress' blue and frightened eyes anxiously. These did not dim, her rigor did not lessen, and the Weasel sucked away with confidence. At last he took her handkerchief and bound up the wound, dragged her to her pony and helped her mount. She was a wonderfully strong and healthful young person and did not whimper nor faint, only howled in a sturdy and wholesome way. The Weasel rode by her side at a tearing gallop back to the post and straight to the hospital. The doctor applied his remedies, but they were not needed, for the rude promptitude of the Indian's action had drawn the poison. Toonie bore an ugly scar afterward and a little fear of her orderly for a long time, but the doctor was enthusiastic, and the colonel let it be understood that the Weasel was henceforth his own, particular charge.

In the passage of time it became necessary for the girl to desert the wild but healthful life of the western plains and go east to be educated. The colonel decided to send Weasel away at the same time to one of these great institutions which are maintained for the benefit of the nation's wards. Thus it came that the two parted, the mistress and the orderly. Toonie gave him her photograph with tears.

"You're never, never to forget me," she said. "Promise."

"Never," said the Weasel, with sad earnest eyes.

"And when I come back you'll be my orderly just the same; promise."

"Just the same," said the Weasel. But when she came back she was no longer Toonie, the child. She was Miss Adair, no further opposed to being called Judith—indeed preferring it to the loving pet name of her babyhood, which, she said, was silly. The Indian was back on the plains, very tall and straight, in neat garments of civilization. He had passed through the school with much honor and was now to act as a missionary among his own people. The colonel was amusedly proud of him, as of a fine dog of his own breeding. He sent for him on the night of Judith Adair's arrival.

"Here's your old orderly, my dear," said he.

She looked up from the chair where she was reading some letters—looked at him with a smile of curiosity.

"Well, I never, papa!" she said. "He looks quite civilized. I am glad to hear you get on so well," she added, with a nod to the Weasel, and resumed her reading.

The Indian went out silently, nor looked so tall and straight and happily expectant as when he entered.

He had ridden in from the mission, ten miles from the post, where he was quartered. The moon was up when he silently left the post after that chilling, indifferent greeting. The clouds that smiled low between earth and moon cast flickering, hasty shadows on the uneven plain, but the shadow that had fallen on his life never lifted. Before him, as he rode, stretched the shimmering, shallow river, darkly fringed by those low bushes whose rattlesnake had darted—so short a time ago. It had seemed to him so short a time, until tonight. Now he realized that an age had passed. Perhaps it had never happened; it was a dream. It must have been a dream, or the child young lady in the parlor he had left, who had told him so carelessly he was quite civilized, would have remembered.

He was civilized. For years he had lived with white people. He barely remembered the baby days of tepees and squaws and ponies and bows and arrows. She had civilized him, she and the long, happy thoughts of her in the days at school and college when his own blood brothers had been things of pity to him, because they had never been blessed by friendship with her, when his teachers had wondered at his towering ambition and his intense industry. His horse, unhindered, fell to walking leisurely. The Indian's head dropped. Swiftly there came to him a conviction of the wrong done him. Over all those great plains there were two peoples, two great families—the white and the red. Each member of these had his brother, his father, close ties of kinship. In all the breadth of the land he stood utterly alone and apart. He was civilized—half and half, neither one thing nor the other. He had turned away from his brothers at the beck of his teachers. He had done his task, he had succeeded. He had been held up as a shining light, an example of what might be done with one of his race. There it stopped. He had dreamed of being a white among the whites, whose creed had been dinned in his ears—"all men are equal." Only tonight had she, by a glance and a word, let him realize how he had deceived himself. To please her he had obeyed as a child, studied as a boy, labored at college. To please her.

"Well, I never! He looks quite civilized. I am glad to hear you are getting on so well," she had said.

He would not go back to the post nor to the mission. He cared nothing for their good will if he was not to be one of them. What then?

At a crossing of trails he met an old Indian freighter going to the post to sell watermelons to the soldiers. The Weasel stopped him and gave him some money and made a bargain, and the old freighter went on his way with a good suit of clothes from the east, and the Weasel dashed into the darkness, where hid far, far away the Indian reservation, and on his legs and feet were fringed and beaded moccasins, and round him was wrapped a gaudy blanket.

He had chosen his family, his people, among whom he would be an equal at least. He had retrograded, lapsing into savagery. One of the chief delights of his eastern teachers when showing off their star pupil to congressmen and inquiring philanthropists had been to dwell upon the fact that he had belonged to one of the most unruly and hopelessly savage tribes on the plains—a tribe which was constantly restless, an annual annoyance to the Indian bureau, addicted to sun dances, ghost dances, raiding and other symptoms of incurable Indian fever. Just at this time they were disturbed unusually by the prominence among them of a certain young buck who aspired to leadership and was inciting his comrades to all manner of Indian devilry.

His heart was sore. He had been merely an interesting plaything for philanthropists, the old colonel and her. He was rejected of his own people. No tie was left him. On his breast, in a little deer-skin pouch fastened to his neck, lay a picture—the photograph Toonie had given him when she went away to school, her heart young and tender to the devoted boy who had saved her life. He tore it out as he rode and rent it to shreds and threw them to the wind with a wild cry.

He galloped furiously onward, in and out of the shadows, over low stretches of sand and across rocky ridges. In front of him was a rising bluff whose farther side dropped precipitously to a deep ravine hewed out ages ago by glacial snows. Here had old time Indians driven the great buffalo herds, sending the madly frightened brutes heading and following to a crashing death down the cliff. Here rode the Weasel now, at full tilt, until, with one long, wailing yell, he plunged headlong.—B. Y. Black in Chicago Inter Ocean.